THE SENTINEL

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

YAZOO CITY, - MISSISSIPPI.

During the seventy-five years that have elapsed since the presidency of Monroe, only three Presidents have been re-elected to a second term—Jackson, Lincoln and Grant.

The Hawaiian race has been steadily dwindling in numbers during the present century, and the latest census gives it a population of but 40,000, or a decrease of one-half within a half century, so that its extinction must soon be complete.

The Governor-General of India receives a salary of $250,000 a year, and extras which increase the amount to $500,000. Even the heathen of that country begin to suspect, discovers the New York World, that he does not earn it.

According to the latest estimate the individual share in several leading nations of the burden of interest in the public debt is eighty cents per head in the United States, fifty cents in Gemany, $2 in Russia, $3.45 in England, and in France $7.35.

Europe's population on January 1 was 380,200,000. The population of each of the other continents was estimated to be as follows: Asia, 850,000,000; Africa, 127,000,000; Australia, 4,730,000; North America, 89,250,000; South America, 36,420,000; polar regions, 300,000. The total would then be 1,787,600,000.

The marine hospital bureau at Washington has been gathering some statistics of death rates in various large cities of America. The result is surprising. For example, the death rate of Denver, supposed to be one of the healthiest cities in the country, is 26.9 in every 1000. In Cincinnati it is but 22.3. Is the dry mountain air of Denver a myth?

It speaks well for the laws of this country, proudly observes the Detroit Free Press, that eighty-two different men have been arrested within the last two years as the murderer of Snell, the Chicago banker. It was a case of mistaken identity in each instance, but proves that the law is leaving no stone unturned to find the right man.

The entire weekly edition of [illegible] paper in Vienna has been [illegible] by the po[illegible] because it co[illegible] appeal [illegible] for "sho[illegible] an editor was fined re[illegible] for publishing the number of workmen killed in a mine disaster alongside of the amount distributed as a dividend among the owners of the mines.

England is full of young men who are eager to join any expedition to Africa that promises sport, fame or profit, so that Colonel Coope who is planning a filibustering raid into Southeast Africa, will have little difficulty in getting recruits. Stanley in his second lecture humorously refers to the rush of applicants to join the Emin Pasha relief expedition, and it is probably a knowledge of this British trait that the thrifty Colonel demands $2500 from each adventurous youth who joins the party. Whatever may be the result the manager will not lose any money.

The New York Times remarks: Spain's preparation to raise a statue of Columbus on the spot from which he started upon the momentous voyage of 1492 has suggested the propriety of erecting some sort of memorial also at his landing place in the New World. The examination already made by the Government engineers and architects around the Monastery of La Rabida, near Palos, indicates that that may be the region selected as a site for Spain's commemorative statue. As to his landing place in the Bahamas, there has been in past times a wide difference of opinion. Some writers have identified the land which he called San Salvador with what is now known as Cat Island; others with Mariguana; still others with Turk's Island, and so on. But in recent years it has been very well established that no one of these was the place on which the navigator first set foot, but that the honor belongs to Watling Island. This spot answers to all the descriptions in the logbook of Columbus as no other of the Bahamas does; in fact, it is now officially called San Salvador. Thus far, however, no local excitement is reported from that island as to the share it is to have in the quadri-centennial proceedings.

An Alpena (Mich.) woman wheeled her dead baby to a photographer's, carried the body up-stairs and had its picture taken.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue;
Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant hue;
Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story! But oh, how the changes ring!
Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king;
Sometimes the warmest hand-clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the mid-day strife,
Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passions rife,
We dream it, write it, live it, this weird wild story of life.

—*E. O. Boswall, in Boston Transcript.*

A HEAD OF DEATH!

BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

This is a story that Dr. Clarke Forster told us after dinner: I had had a busy morning—some twenty patients, one on the heels of another—and now that the last had departed, and noon was long past, I began to think hungrily of my luncheon. But just as I got up to leave my consulting room my servant entered, and handed me a visiting card upon which was engraved the name "Mr. Alexander Carathwaite." "There can be but one Alexander Carathwaite," thought I, "and he is Alexander Carathwaite, the famous iron king and millionaire."

"Show him in," I said to my servant.

The person who presently seated himself opposite me struck me as a singularly healthy-looking invalid—tall, robust, with a clear, ruddy skin and a bright gray eye. However, "What is the trouble?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "it's a queer case; but, to put it briefly, I'm afraid the trouble's here," and he tapped his forehead.

"Let me hear your symptoms."

"It's a long story," said he, "and I must begin it at the beginning."

Therewith he plunged his hand into an interior pocket of his coat and brought forth a small tissue paper parcel. "This," he explained, as he unwound the paper, "is rather a valuable antique. It came as a present to my wife the other day from the Earl of Salchester, whom we entertained when he was in America a year or so ago. As you see, it's a mirror. The glass is believed to be a specimen of mediæval Venetian work, and the frame is unquestionably a magnificent bit of Cinque-cento."

The whole affair was no bigger than a lady's hand. The glass, unusually thick and fluted round the edge, was veined and spotted and bleared over with a fine bluish mist, like the eye of an aged man. The frame was indeed magnificent. Oval in shape, and apparently of pure gold—[illegible] at any rate, that you could hav[illegible] [illegible] ful at[illegible] [illegible] profus[illegible] delicately chiselled fruits and leaves. Three of these figures reclined upon tiny golden couches, in each of which was set a lustrous ruby; the other two rode upon conventionalized lions and each lion held a pearl between his teeth. At the base a pair of dolphins twisted their tails together and formed the handle. Upon a scroll at the handle end were incised the date, 1561, and the initials, E. D.

"It is a beautiful piece of work," said I, laying it aside, "and I envy you the possession of it. But what has it got to do with your visit here?"

"Everything," he returned. "It's this way." He pasued for a moment, then he went on: "Last night, after dinner, I picked that little mirror up and I said jokingly to my wife, 'This, my dear, is a magical glass. If I hold it over my waistcoat, thus and you look in you will see straight through into my heart and behold the face of the woman I love.' So Mrs. Carathwaite laughed and looked, and of course she saw her own face. Then to carry on the farce I said, 'Now let me see whether it will show me the face of the man you love.' And, always laughing, I held it over her breast and looked in."

"Yes!" I prompted, as he paused again.

"Well, Doctor, instead of my own face what I saw reflected in that glass was a grinning death's head—a skull. I saw it just as plainly as I see you now. I looked at it steadily, without moving, for, I should think, three minutes. It never varied. A human skull in absolute detail—eyes, nose, teeth, even the very seams between the bones, perfectly distinct. I'm not a superstitious man, but I confess the sight gave me the goose-flesh. If I were superstitious I don't know what I might think. I'm not a drinking man either, or else I should believe it was a touch of delirium tremens. As it is, I am at an utter loss to account for it in any way except on the theory that it's the beginning of some mental disease." He spoke nervously, and looked at me anxiously when he had done. He was plainly in a white funk.

"Humph! You say you saw it steadily for two or three minutes?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Then did it disappear?"

"It did not disappear till I moved. As soon as I moved the death's head disappeared, and I saw the reflection of my own face."

"Have you ever had any similar experience before? Ever fancied that you saw an object just before you that in reality had no existence?"

"Never in my life."

"Is your digestive apparatus in good shape?"

"In such perfect shape that I'm never conscious of possessing such a thing."

"And your general health?"

"Superb."

"Let me feel your pulse." His pulse was firm, regular and proper in time. "Show me your tongue." His tongue was pink and clean. "Open your eyes wide and look towards the light." His eyes were steady in their gaze, the pupils contracted readily, and the lid dropped spontaneously upon my approaching my finger.

"Did you tell your wife what you had seen?" I asked.

"No; I didn't want to alarm her. She noticed that I stared at the thing in rather a startled manner, but I laughed it off."

I was silent for a while, toying with the mirror, and wondering what the case might mean.

"Well, what do you make it out to be?" he inquired.

"Oh," I replied, "I can't say as yet. I haven't sufficient data. The trouble may be in your optic nerve, it may be in your liver, and it may be elsewhere still. I should have to put you through a lengthy examination. And just at this moment I am too tired and hungry to begin one. If you will give me time to eat some luncheon, I'll be in better trim."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Only can't you tell me at once whether you think I am going to lose my reason?"

"I hardly think you are going to lose your reason," I replied. "And now, if you will excuse for a little, I'll go down stairs and take a bite. Perhaps you would like a chop yourself?"

"Oh, no, thank you, thank you. I shan't be able to eat with any appetite until this fear is off my mind."

While I swallowed my hasty luncheon I thought the matter over. It puzzled me a great deal, but suddenly, as I was folding up my napkin, an idea struck me which I hoped might clear the whole matter up.

Rejoining Mr. Carathwaite in my office, I said to him: "I have come to the conclusion that this is a case for a specialist. If you like I will go to a specialist with you."

"I am quite at your orders," he responded. "Do you think it's the brain or the eye?"

"I hope it is neither; but the specialist will tell us."

We entered my carriage and were driven down town to a famous curiosity-shop in Seventeenth street, just west of Union Square, the proprietor of which, Mr. Maverick, is esteemed, as everybody knows, one of the most learned authorities in antique curios in America.

"Here we are," said I, getting out of the carriage. "Will you come?"

"But, what are you going in here for?" questioned Carathwaite.

"To consult our specialist," said I.

My patient looked mystified, but he followed me into shop.

I presented my card and asked to see Mr. Maverick. In another minute we were closeted with him in his private office.

"Will you [illegible] and Mr. Maverick your mirror?" [illegible]ded of Carathwaite. [illegible] the mirror and looked [illegible] the frame through a [illegible] This is a bit of [illegible] of Etienne De[illegible] [illegible] presently, "one [illegible] smiths of the sixteenth centu[illegible] you got [illegible] may tell you it is infinitely valua[illegible] I have never seen a finer specimen [illegible] Delaulne's handicraft, nor one in a better state of preservation."

"And the glass?" I queried. "We are especially interested in the glass."

"The glass," said Maverick, "is probably Venetian. I must examine it a little."

He went to the window and began to scrutinize the glass, twisting it about and peering at it from various angles. "Ah, yes; I thought so," he exclaimed all at once. "Come here, gentlemen," he called to us.

He held the glass off at a certain oblique angle and inquired: "Now, when I hold it like that, what do you see?"

Carathwaite simply uttered a long, low "Ah-h-h!"

"Why, I see a human skull," he said, "a most perfect image of a human skull. I would swear it was the genuine reflection of a real one. How it gets there I can't for my life imagine."

"Ah, that was the art of the Venetian glass-workers," said Maverick.

He crossed the room and took down from a book-case a volume entitled: "Manual Art of Mediæval Italy." He ran over a few pages, found his place, and read aloud: "Venetian looking-glasses of the sixteenth century were often ornamented with grotesque designs—serpents, skeletons, skulls, sometimes crucifixes—produced in the coating of quicksilver in such a way as to be visible only at one angle of vision, and then to give the effect of a reflection of some exterior object."

"Well, Doctor," said Carathwaite, smiling rather sheepishly, when he had regained the street, you have effected a speedy cure. What's your fee?"

"I can hardly ask you a fee since your trouble was all in the mirror," I said. "I will take it out in telling the story."

The gratitude of millionaires is very like that of kings. I have never seen [illegible] heard from Mr. Alexander Carathwaite again. When he needs medical [illegible] he calls upon that [illegible] [illegible] Blank.—*New York World.*

The Spanish Main.

[illegible] romances teem with references to the Spanish Main, yet how many people nowadays know what or where the Spanish Main was? Main is a contraction for mainland, and was applied to the part of the north coast of South America washed by the Caribbean sea. The name is a relic of the time when that part of the continent belonged to Spain, and was used in opposition to the West India Islands, which also then belonged to that country.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

A New York railway recently gave a day's receipts to charity.

ENORMOUSLY HIGH SPEED.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR AS APPLIED TO RAILROADING.

A Test That Shows One Hundred and Fifty Miles an Hour to be by No Means Imaginary.

Four years ago, and again about one year ago, the New York *Times* published the news that a series of experiments was about to be made at Laurel, Md., to show the power of the electric motor to develop speeds that had heretofore existed only in the imagination. The idea was that Mr. David G. Weems, who, though not an engineer, was convinced that transportation of passengers and parcels could be made by this means at a rate of 120 miles an hour. This was the first practical effort ever made to double railway speeds.

The results of the experiments that grew out of Mr. Weems's experiments at Laurel were kept profoundly secret for a long time, and, says the *Times*, they were not made public until, at a recent meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, they formed the subject of a very interesting paper by Mr. O. T. Crosby, of the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, who witnessed, and took an active part in, the subsequent experiments.

Having induced a number of men to subscribe money for the venture, Mr. Weems laid a circular track at Laurel two miles in circumference, with a twenty-eight-inch gauge, T-shape rails, wooden stringers outside the rails serving as guards. From the ties a vertical framework was built up on both sides of the track, with a crosspiece, to which was attached a small T rail, head down, suspended over the middle of the track. This rail was intended to serve as an electric conductor and also as a guide. The locomotive was very simple. There were three axles carrying twenty-eight-inch wheels, on which were hung a steel box sixteen feet long, twenty-four inches high and thirty inches wide. On each of these axles it was designed to place a motor. The weight of the car was about three tons. A second similar steel box was connected to the motor car by a ball-and-socket coupling, the two being so flanged over that only one surface was presented to meet atmospheric resistance. The head and tail were pyramidal.

The motors (500 volts) were made by the Sprague Company and the dynamo by the Edison Machine Works. When they were in place it was found almost impossible to start the car, and the results were disappointing, but other electricians having been consulted, it was found that a given speed could be obtained with less current, if two motors were used instead of three, and consequently the motor on the middle axle was removed. The two motors, it was then found, were able to produce a greater speed than the track could stand. To supply the current, contact was made between the upper rail and brushes of sheet copper set against the rail by springs. The return circuit was through the wheels and rails, the steel casing being insulated from the axle by fibre places and washers at joints and bolts. Bearings were of phoshor bronze and lubrication was by oil from an ordinary [illegible] about 200 feet from the track. The generator was a seventy horse power Edison machine, driven by a ninety horse power, high speed, Ball engine.

Five or six speed observers with watches were stationed around the track, when everything was ready, and a current of twenty to forty amperes usually started the car. Mr. Crosby managed the dynamo and Mr. B. J. Dashiell, Jr., the engine. Each run was brought to a sudden end by the failure of the track to serve its purpose. On three occasions the car left the track, once while running forty-five miles per hour, once at eighty miles per hour, and once, the last time, at 115 miles per hour. The track seems to have been entirely to blame for these derailments, and each trial was followed by an overhauling of the rails and roadbed, requiring from a few hours to a week's work for four or five men. On this subject Mr. Crosby says: "Could the experiments have been made on a roadbed and track deemed even second-class, according to steam railway standards of rail weight, etc., there can be no question that without any other change, the car would have maintained for several hours a speed of 120 miles per hour. Indeed, I know of no time limitation that would have arisen save that from a limited oil supply."

The last derailment having injured the track and roadbed beyond repair, the Laurel experiments were abandoned, but Mr. Crosby and his assistants at once set themselves to the task of making new and more elaborate plans, involving a change from automatic control to control by human intelligence on a locomotive drawing two or three cars. A speed of 150 miles an hour on a level was aimed at, with a locomotive and three cars seating passengers. The track was to be standard gauge—four feet 8.5 inches—and the electro-motive force was to be as high as the art of insulation would permit. All the cars were to be so connected as to present a continuous exterior, thus offering a minimum of resistance to the atmosphere. The problem of retardation for a mass of forty tons running at 150 miles an hour was a serious one, and it was found that a pressure of about 5000 pounds should be applied to each wheel. This was designed to be produced by magnetic brakes, the form and dimensions of which Mr. Crosby has drawn in great detail. He estimates that 7620 feet will be the length of run necessary to come to a stop.

Mr. Crosby has stated recently that it will cost about $300,000 to demonstrate the efficiency of the system here suggested, and he adds that the amount is now being raised, and that the trial will be made in the near future. In speaking of the subject a recent issue of the *Electrical World* said editorially:

"With a solid roadbed and a track carefully laid with rigid and heavy rails, there is not the slightest reason to doubt the practicability of speeds as high as 150 miles per hour. It is sometimes said that nobody would care to ride at such a rate; but the same statement was made not so very many years ago regarding the enormously dangerous and altogether reprehensible speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. It was then, as now, a question of track more than anything else. With the locomotive there is a practical speed limit set by the permissible size of boiler and the amount of fuel that can be carried. In the case of the electric motor, however, there is no difficulty on the score of supplying power. The only limitation is in the weight efficiency of the motor itself; and it is impossible to predict what this might be.

"It would certainly only be reached at a speed higher than has ever yet been seriously contemplated. Electrical high-speed traction is in the air to-day, and probably within a very few years we shall be treated to a practical demonstration of its advantages on a large scale. Its commercial success is presumably dependent on the radical nature of the improvement secured, and an electric railway between this city and Chicago that would reduce the running time from twenty-four to eighteen hours would have no special reason to expect remarkable returns. If, however, it should make the trip in eight or ten hours it would infallibly attract a very large patronage."

First Steamship to Cross the Atlantic.

The question has been frequently asked of the *Times*, "What steamship first crossed the Atlantic?" There has been some difference of opinion on this subject, and the claim of priority has been made for a number of vessels built in as many different cities along the coast. To this city, however, belongs the honor, for an honor it was, of having produced the first transatlantic steamship. This was the Savannah, built at Corlear's Slip, in the East River, and launched early in 1819.

The Savannah sailed from this port March 28, 1819, with Captain Moses Rogers in command. She proceeded to Savannah, where she arrived after a passage of six days. Thence she sailed to Liverpool, April 6, arriving safely at that port after an eighteen-day voyage. When the Savannah entered St. George's Channel, off the city of Cork, it is said that she was described by the commander of the British fleet, then at anchor in the harbor. Seeing the smoke pouring from her single funnel the British commander thought the vessel was on fire, and sent two cutters to offer help. The Savannah was visited by thousands when lying at her pier, and the newspapers of the day were filled with descriptions of what was then a wonderful feat of marine construction.

An old lithograph of this ship was found by a *Times* reporter recently in a down-town office. She is represented as a three-masted craft, square-rigged and with two unwieldy paddle-wheels amidship. The single funnel is very tall, reaching almost to the tops. Judging by the paddle-wheels as compared with the sails, one is led to the conclusion that the latter must have been far superior to the former as a means of locomotion, and that the engines were supplied for auxiliary purposes rather than for effecting a revolution in marine [illegible]. The fact remains, however, that the Savannah was a steamer, and the first one to cross the Atlantic.—*New York Times.*

The Bullfrog's Breathing Skin.

Every one knows the soft, smooth, moist skin of the frog. Its skin is one of its most important organs. Indeed, our own skin is by no means popularly credited with the great importance really due to it. "Only the skin!" is an exclamation not unfrequently heard, and wonder is felt very often when death supervenes after a burn which has injured but a comparatively small surface of the body. Our skin is indeed a most important structure, and able, in a very slight degree, to supplement the action of the lungs as well as of the kidneys. In the frog it is really an organ of breathing, almost, if not quite, as indispensable as the lungs. Neither will suffice without the other. A frog may be strangely choked in two ways. To distend its lungs it is compelled to swallow air after closing its lips upon a mouthful of it. Thus a frog may be choked by keeping its mouth open. Again no breathing (that is, no exchange of certain gases) can take place except on a surface which is moist, therefore that a frog may breathe with its skin, that skin must be moist, and it is kept so by the exceptional ease with which water exudes forth from the body upon it. In fact Count Smalltalk only made Mrs. Leo Hunter speak accurately when he misrepresents her ode as being addressed to the "perspiring frog"—for the frog is one of the most perspiring of all animals. It is so to such a degree that one tied where it cannot escape the scorching rays of a summer's sun will not only die, but soon become perfectly dried up—as we recollect discovering when a child, to our great sorrow and disappointment.—*New York Sun.*

A Curious Photographic Apparatus.

A curious photographic apparatus, in which a camera is raised by a rocket and lowered by a parachute, is being developed by a French inventor, M. Amedee Denisse. In its experimental form this wonderful machine is provided with the cylindrical camera, has twelve lenses around it circumference, with a sensitive plate in its centre, and is provided with a shutter which opens and instantly closes as the apparatus commence to fall. The descent is eased by the opening of the attached parachute, which is drawn back to the operator by a cord attached before firing the rocket. For securing bird's eye views this photo-rocket offers several important advantages over balloon photography, such as comparative cheapness in operating and freedom from all risk of human life. In military reconnoitring it will be invaluable, especially in the case of a besieged city, it being possible to take a picture of the doings of outsiders "whether they will or no."—*St. Louis Republic.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Florida is now raising young alligators for the tourist market.

In Japan the most expensive form of cremation only costs $7.

England dates the American Revolution as commenced July 14, 1774.

A four-winged duck was hatched a short time ago at Bar Harbor, Me.

A hog recently killed in Perry, Ga., had three complete sets of lungs.

To Chinamen is attributed the saying that all the sustenance the human system requires is rice, vinegar and oil.

A remarkably large polar bear, with bright pink fur, has been captured in Siberia, and will be sent as a present to the Czar.

On the second day of the week the old Saxons worshiped the moon, calling it "Moonday." We drop one "o" and call it Monday.

About the only farm work that cannot now successfully be done by machinery is husking corn. It is still done about the same old way.

The receipts of a street railroad in New York City would fill each day in the year two bushel baskets. Most of the money is in five and ten-cent pieces.

The famous house in Kensigton Gore, London, in which Guizot, Cavour, Kinglake, Grote, Macaulay and Thackeray successively lived, is to be pulled down.

A daring thief in Providence, R. I., climbed to the top of a 250-foot smoke-stack the other night and stole the platinum points from the lightning rods.

Phœnicia was at the pinnacle of power between the years 2000 and 750 B. C., and, in fact, its people were the instructors and civilizers of the whole western world.

The *North China News* says the Chinese write most insulting remarks about foreigners on the backs of notes circulated by foreign bankers which come into their possession.

A pike was recently taken from the Avon by an angler who was plumbing the water with a pocket knife. The knife had got wedged at an angle in the pike's mouth.

A Leavenworth (Kan.) domestic has deposited $200 for her funeral expenses, has her last robes already made, has purchased a site for her grave, and planned what kind of a coffin she will have.

The largest dynamite factory in this country is in New Jersey. The greatest danger of explosions is in the spring, when the extreme changes of weather affect the stuff. Dynamite sells for twenty cents a pound.

The Paris street extending from Neuilly to St. Denis is lined with tumble-down tenements that are said to shelter more vice and iniquity than can be found in any other spot in the world. The houses throng with criminals. The street is known as the "Route de la Revolte."

The first solid-head pin was made in 1824, in England, by Lemuel W. Wright, an American. In 1832 Dr. John I. Howe, a Connecticut man, invented a machine for making solid-head pins. It was the first successful machine, and completed the pin by a single process. The old head was soldered on to the shank of the pin.

Feels It In His Bones.

This is what a medical man says about pains in the bones: People continually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction without any feeling in them. No one who ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, oh, my! You see, as a matter fact, there are blood vessels and nerves inside the bones, just as there are outside. Any one who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the beef, including the human beings. Through the marrow runs the nerves and blood vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton or part of one. When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a persons says that he feels a thing in his bones.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Eagle Beats Rabbit.

White hunting antelope on the prairies of Colorado I was the witness of a very interesting chase between on eagle and a jack rabbit. The various circles and downward sweeps of the eagle attracted my attention, and I resolved to ascertain the reason. I put spur to my horse and succeeded in gaining an elevation from which a good view of the chase could be had. The rabbit, to all appearance, was very much bewildered, and would run first one direction and then another, and sometimes in circles, its pursuer, the eagle, following its every turn. Finally the eagle, as if tired of his sport, with a vicious downward swoop and a stroke of the wing, laid the rabbit out lifeless on the prairie. At this moment I gave a tremendous yell, and at the same time rode rapidly toward them, which had the desired effect of frightening the eagle away, leaving his victim in my possession, which turned out to be the only game I bagged that day.—*Forest and Stream.*

Commercial Oil From Lard.

The ordinary lard oil of commerce is said to be obtained by subjecting fresh lard to pressure, when the liquid parts separate and run out, leaving the lard much harder than when the thin oil remains. Old lard can be refined and made thinner and more oily by boiling until all the water is removed and then straining or filtering through flannel. By repeating this operation the lard will become thin enough for use as a lubricant on reapers and mowers.—*New York Sun.*